This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

very cordially Yr friend

Geo. Putnam

Anal.—p. 5

MEMORIAL

OF THE REVEREND

GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.,

LATE PASTOR OF THE

First Religious Society

IN ROXBURY.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE SOCIETY.
1878.

2 N . 1893

From the Library of
Prof. A. P. PEABODY 82

BX
9869
.P95
M45
1878
cop. 1

The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company.

GEORGE PUTNAM.

Ordained July 7, 1830.

Died April 11, 1878.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY

CHARLES K. DILLAWAY.

GEORGE PUTNAM, son of Andrew and Jerusha Clap Putnam, was born in Sterling, Mass., August 16, 1807. His early training was in the academies of Leicester and Groton.

He entered Harvard College in 1822. What he was there can be best told by extracts from letters I have received from two of his most distinguished classmates.

Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D. D., says, "He was plain, simple, and unpretending, — one of the youngest in the class, and, though thoroughly manly, in no other respect old for his years, — the soul of truth and honor, respected and liked by all his classmates, dearly loved by many. It is but little to say that in speech and life he was all that a young man should have been. I think that no one even then would have ventured on a coarse or profane utterance in conversation with him.

"He held a high rank in his class, and undoubtedly might have had the first place if he had striven for it. But I doubt whether he cared for college rank. He did care to do thorough work, and less than that he could not do. But I do not think that after possessing himself of the contents of a lesson, he ever took any pains to prepare for recitation; and those were times, as you know, when recitations specially got up had a high market value. His college work was easily done with his clear mind and retentive memory. He took good care of his health. He generally, I think always, went to bed at nine o'clock, and though the early morning lesson was generally learned first, if by any chance he had not done it justice, the lesson was sacrificed to sleep."

Rev. George W. Hosmer, D. D., says, "Though very quiet, he was always manly, thoughtful, and ready with his opinion. It very early was manifest that there was a good deal in him. He made no attempt to show off, but he never failed, and so, gradually rising into notice, he was counted among our able men; and when at one of our Senior exhibitions he had a dissertation, I think of Edmund Burke, we all were delighted with his power of writing and speaking. In college, as in after life, he used his powers easily, and seemed always to have large reserved forces."

These are testimonials of his college life, and they

are in accordance with many others I have received. Among his classmates who became eminent men were Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Samuel F. Haven, Richard Hildreth, Edward Jarvis, M. D., Cazneau Palfrey, D. D., Willard Parker, M. D., Robert Rantoul, Oliver Stearns, D. D., J. T. Stevenson, Timothy Walker, LL. D., Samuel H. Walley, and Stephen M. Weld.

After graduating he spent one year as a teacher in Duxbury, and then entered the Divinity School at Cambridge. What his success was there may be inferred from the fact that before completing his required course of instruction, he received an invitation to preach as a candidate for one of the oldest societies in New England, and that after officiating but three Sundays he was called, by a very general vote, to become the associate pastor there of the Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Porter.

His letter of acceptance is dated May 21, 1830. He was ordained July 7, 1830. Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., preached the ordination sermon.

The parish at this time, and for some years after, was essentially an agricultural one, a majority of the members being substantial farmers. To this class the new minister's style of preaching, so plain, direct, and impressive, so full of illustrations of God's beneficence in nature, was just what they needed. It made

them appreciate their calling in its religious as well as secular aspect, and it made them respect each other.

No one had a higher estimate of country life than he, and no enjoyment could be greater than his during the summer vacations he spent on the homestead at Sterling.

In the early days of his ministry there was one member of the parish whose influence was so valuable that I must speak of him here. This was the late John Lowell, — a name widely known and honored, — a gentleman of the highest culture and of as varied learning as any one of his time. Though never desiring or accepting political office, there was no one in the community whose opinions on national affairs were regarded with more respect. In social intercourse and the relations of private life, the worth and beauty of his character were fully displayed.

He heartily welcomed the young pastor to his new field of duty, and gave him the benefit of his friendship and frequent intercourse. Those who remember the rare conversational powers of Mr. Lowell can best appreciate such an advantage for a young man just entering on professional life.

In 1831 George Putnam married Elizabeth Anne, daughter of Rev. Dr. Henry Ware, Hollis Professor of Harvard College.

No one who knew this lady can forget the benefi-

cence and beauty of her character. Where she was, there was sunshine ever. She had a ready sympathy for all in trouble, and an open hand for their relief. She died March 24, 1866, leaving five children, all of whom are now living.

Gradually in the course of ten years the agricultural element in our society disappeared. The increased value of land, and the estimates of the assessors, drove our farmers to more profitable fields.

The pews they left were soon filled by the commercial class, many of them from the highest mercantile houses in Boston. Some of these, who had not been accustomed to look for business talent and experience in clerical men, were surprised to find that Dr. Putnam could give them wise counsel in mercantile emergencies, when even the oldest among them were in doubt. No one had a higher estimate of mercantile honor than he. No one despised more heartily any deviation from it.

Some of his sermons on this theme were of such singular merit that he was requested to publish them, but this, like many other such requests, he declined. He had a singular disinclination to publish anything he wrote. His common answer was that after he had preached a sermon at home, and three or four times elsewhere by exchanges, it reached more than would be likely to read a pamphlet.

There was another class in our society, and not a small one, the professional men, whom he delighted by the beauty of his language and the brilliancy of his thoughts. One trait he had always shown — an intuitive sagacity to seize the master key to a subject, and so easily open all its parts. I have never known a man who came so quickly to conclusions, and was so generally in the right. He saw at a glance, and his position was at once taken.

In 1845 he was offered the chair of the Hollis Professorship at Cambridge, and the friends of the college urged him persistently to accept it. The possibility of his leaving his society of course produced intense excitement there. The letters he received from petitioners and remonstrants would make an interesting volume. The real question with him was, "What is my duty in settling this trying question?" Happily for his society, and for him too, we think, he decided to remain with us. The interests of the college were always dear to him, and at a later period of his life he had abundant opportunity of showing his appreciation of them. He was for many years a most efficient member of the corporation. His services in that position were greater than the public knows. To him the college owes it that after the Boston fire the appeal was made which brought nearly three hundred thousand dollars to make up

the losses the institution had suffered. I know, from high authority, that the corporation, all but he, thought it was in vain to make the appeal, and everything must be retrenched. He alone resisted and brought the board to his plan of appeal for help. Many other instances could be cited in which he showed himself an earnest and efficient friend of the college.

Dr. Putnam was interested largely in public affairs, outside of his professional duties. He was a member of the constitutional convention, in 1853; one of the presidential electors in 1864, and with Edward Everett, Ex-Governor Lincoln, and John G. Whittier, voted for Abraham Lincoln. In 1869 he was elected a member of the Massachusetts legislature, and served two years with great efficiency. The ability he showed in the discussion of financial questions and kindred subjects clearly indicated the practical character of his mind.

In educational affairs he manifested a deep interest. He was chairman of the school committee of Roxbury, and for many years president of the board of trustees of our Latin School. He was also president of the trustees of the Fellowes Athenæum, chairman of the trustees of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, and one of the trustees of the Boston Public Library.

During his whole ministry the character of his preaching was eminently practical, and some of his most effective sermons were those addressed to young business men. Every-day topics, those that touched nearest the lives of his people, he chose most frequently. For controversial sermons he had no taste, or belief in their usefulness, and in this he resembled his venerable predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Porter. To the good sense and Christian spirit of both may be attributed the harmony which has always subsisted among our Roxbury ministers of all denominations.

In the spring of 1871, a long vacation having been granted for health and recreation, he spent six months in Europe. The acquaintances he formed there, and the interesting places he visited, were ever after among his most pleasant memories.

I come now to that period of his life which proved so afflictive to him, and, in its consequences, so full of sorrow to his friends. On the 23d of December, 1872, he attended a meeting of the Corporation of Harvard College. The weather was intensely cold. On his return home he was stricken by paralysis.

Every mode of relief which the best medical advice could suggest was immediately obtained. His physician, though not discouraging the hope of ultimate recovery, gave the family reason to expect that for many months he must be an invalid and endure the

discomforts of confinement to his room. The result was in accordance with medical opinion.

The society took immediate measures to relieve him from all anxiety in regard to pastoral duties, and expressed in many ways their sympathy for him in his invalid state.

On the 6th of October, 1873, a letter was received from him, so characteristic and of such interest to his people, that I must quote largely from it here.

"It is now just three quarters of a year since I have been able to discharge any of my pastoral duties, and it is uncertain how soon I may be permitted to resume them, wholly or in part; and of course it is not certain that the time will ever arrive.

"In order to insure that tranquillity of mind which in such a case as mine is the first requisite for the recovery of health, it is necessary that I should feel myself free, both in fact and in appearance, from all responsibility for professional services, the least of which, in or out of the pulpit, I am forbidden at present to undertake.

"In the mean time the parish requires for its prosperity the entire energies of a stronger if not a younger man; and I have no right and no wish to stand in the way of their procuring and maintaining the best talent and services their position and resources can command.

"I therefore find it my duty, as obvious as it is painful and afflictive to me, to resign my pastoral office, and I do hereby resign it accordingly.

"I must not in a brief official communication, indulge myself in any expression of the recollections and emotions that crowd upon me in overwhelming numbers and force, as I perform this (to me) very solemn act by which, so far as depends on me, I dissolve a tie that has continued through these forty-three years, with so much happiness to myself and in such unbroken harmony on all sides; an act which, when it shall have taken effect, brings to a close a work which has engrossed all the years and all the ambitions of my youth and my age, and embodied all the little usefulness that my life has to show for itself; the work in which I have found the richest satisfactions the world has afforded me, and to which I have given all the faculties I possessed, with many and grievous shortcomings, I know but too well, yet certainly with no divided interest or affection.

"I shall hope under any circumstances to spend the remainder of my days here, amid the associations endeared to me by use and wont and the manifold experiences of life. I hope to live and die among the kind and faithful friends who I know will not quite forget me among the stronger claims of any new pastoral relationship; friends who to a large extent are

the children and grandchildren of those parishioners who so long ago brought me here, and warmly welcomed me and mine to the new home that has now become hallowed to heart and memory by the cheery labors and the chastening trials, the sunshine and clouds, of near half a century."

When the reading of this letter was finished, the Hon. John J. Clarke, after appropriate remarks, presented a series of resolutions expressive of the strong attachment of the society, their high appreciation of his past services, and their unwillingness to accept his resignation.

The meeting was also eloquently addressed by the Hon. William Gray, who advocated the adoption of the resolutions.

A committee[1] was then appointed to confer with Dr. Putnam on his letter and the doings of this meeting.

In the report of that committee it was stated that they presented the resolutions, assuring him that they expressed the sentiments of every member of the society; that we all looked hopefully for his restoration to health and for the satisfaction of again hearing him in our pulpit; but whether this hope was to be real-

[1] Consisting of C. K. Dillaway, William Gray, Samuel C. Cobb, John J. Dixwell, George Lewis, Charles Hickling, William Crosby, and John L. D'Wolf.

ized or not, we were not ready and should not be ready to accept his resignation of an office so long and so honorably filled. His society wished his connection with them, which time had strengthened and endeared, to continue unbroken till the end of his life, such having been the expectation of both parties at the time of his settlement.

Dr. Putnam assured the committee that he fully appreciated the unfailing kindness of the members of the society ever since the day of his settlement here. The fact that the resolutions had been adopted unanimously he considered sufficient to induce him to assent willingly to the request of the society.

This report was accepted, and in view of the impaired health of Dr. Putnam, measures were immediately taken for the election of an associate pastor. The society soon united in giving a call to the Rev. John Graham Brooks, which call was accepted.

His ordination took place on Sunday, October 10, 1875. In the order of exercises were: Reading of the Scriptures and ordaining prayer, by Rev. C. C. Everett, D. D.; ordaining address, by Rev. George Putnam, D. D.; sermon, by the pastor elect; and concluding prayer by Rev. Wm. Newell, D. D.

During the succeeding year the senior pastor appeared often in the pulpit, but rarely took part in the services beyond the reading of a hymn. If he ven-

tured upon a sermon his people listened with increased interest to the words which fell from his lips, for they were conscious how soon that voice, which had so charmed them by its utterances in the past, might cease forever.

The last time he was heard in his pulpit he spoke with his usual impressiveness, but it was painfully evident from the feebleness of his voice that no progress had been made in the recovery of his health. The disease had taken too strong hold upon him for any human agency to remove. By the advice of his friends he did not preach again, though occasionally taking some part in the Sunday services.

The closing days of Dr. Putnam were a happy sequel to his beneficent life. Visions of the higher world were flitting before him and they were welcomed. His work was done and he had a Christian's readiness to account for the trusts committed to him.

As one of his classmates stood near not long before his death, he said, "Hosmer, this is as happy a year as any in my life:" — after such years, — and he in his invalid chair, — the world sinking away before him. No doubt he enjoyed the retrospect, though he said not much about it, and he enjoyed the pros-

pect too. He expected — he saw something and trusted for more than he saw, —

> "Knowing that his earth-receding grasp
> Was on the anchor of eternal life."

ACTION OF THE SOCIETY.

A MEETING of the "First Religious Society in Roxbury" was held in the Putnam Chapel, at three o'clock P. M., on Saturday the thirteenth day of April, A. D. 1878, to take appropriate action in regard to the death of the Senior Pastor, Rev. George Putnam, D. D.

The meeting was called to order by Joseph W. Tucker, clerk of the society, who read the call for the meeting and addressed the Proprietors as follows: —

MY FRIENDS, — The notice which I have just read is a sad one to act upon. But it is fitting and proper that we, the Members of the "First Religious Society in Roxbury," should assemble on this occasion and consult together, and make the necessary preparations for the funeral service and render the last tribute of respect and esteem to the remains of our honored friend and religious teacher, the Senior Pastor of this society, who passed away quietly at his own home, surrounded by his family, on Thursday evening, the eleventh instant, at 8:40 o'clock, on the anniversary of that day when he preached his first sermon in the church he afterward loved so well.

And now, friends, with your approval I will ask the Hon. Samuel C. Cobb to take the chair and preside over the deliberations of this meeting.

The selection of Mr. Cobb as chairman was approved by the meeting, and on taking the chair he spoke as follows: —

REMARKS OF HON. SAMUEL C. COBB.

DEAR FRIENDS, — We meet under the shadow of a great affliction.

He who has ministered unto this people so acceptably, — the faithful pastor, the great preacher, the wise counsellor, the good citizen, and the steadfast friend, — has been called from the scene of his earthly labors, and a united and devoted people mourn his departure.

We do well, dear friends, to come together at this time to mingle our sympathies and our tears under the pressure of this grief, and at the same time to meditate together on the solemn and mournful event, and to pay our tribute of respect to the memory of this good man, — who has gone in and out before this people for nearly half a century, who has occupied so large a space in all our hearts, and who has so often led us to contemplate the beauties of revealed religion, and the glorious promises of an assured immortality.

I will not invade the sacred precincts of a long

personal acquaintance and intimacy, to speak of our departed friend as he was in the private walks of life. I dare not now trust myself to do so. Neither is this the time nor the place for eulogy.

He has left the impress of his mind not only upon the religious convictions of the times, but upon the methods and purposes of secular education. His labors in behalf of our great university, as a member of our school boards, and as a director of our public libraries, will long be recognized and honored by all promoters of sound learning.

No one had a better opportunity than myself to know and to appreciate his exalted character and his great endowments. He combined, in a remarkable degree, the attributes of a full and well-balanced Christian character; the strength that came of a massive and cultured intellect, coupled with the tenderness and serenity that reflect the sure abiding faith within.

How we who have known him so long, as friend and pastor, will miss his genial presence, and his impressive words! And what a loss has our denomination sustained in his departure!

Let us sanctify in our hearts all that was wise and good in his counsels, all that was elevating and ennobling in his example, and remember always with thankfulness that we have been blessed in no ordinary degree by his long and faithful ministrations.

It now remains for you to take such action in recognition of this melancholy dispensation as you shall deem to be appropriate.

REMARKS OF HON. JOHN J. CLARKE.

A truly good man is removed. His work all done and well done. He taught us in his sickness as in health. He was uncomplaining, resigned, and for him death had no terrors. The moistened eyes, sad countenances, and earnest inquiries testify of the high esteem in which he was held.

We trust confidently that he will sit in heavenly places, at God's right hand, in company with Him who was made perfect through suffering, and died that we might live.

He needs no eulogy; all know his worth; his reputation is spread world-wide. But it is proper that we leave a record, for future generations, of our estimate of him as a Christian teacher and a Christian man. I therefore submit the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That, in the death of Rev. Dr. George Putnam, this society has lost, in its Senior Pastor, one who, for nearly half a century of unbroken harmony, has been most warmly beloved and preëminently distinguished as a religious teacher and a wise counsellor; and has uniformly, from his settlement with us, commanded the respect, affection, and admiration of

all who came under his influence; and by his parishioners will never cease to be affectionately remembered.

Resolved, That Dr. Putnam enforced, with uncommon power, the moral precepts of the Christian religion, and the supreme importance for all to govern their conduct by those principles in the performance of the daily and hourly practical duties of life; and that his devotional exercises were remarkable for their reverence, and peculiar adaptation to the occasion; and that no one could listen to his preaching and to his prayers without being strongly and seriously impressed by their fervent spirit.

Resolved, That we tender our warmest sympathies to his bereaved family for their and our irreparable loss, but feel that he has been removed from this world of care, trial, and suffering, to another state of existence where he will be greeted with the blessed announcement of "well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Resolved, That a committee of six be appointed to adopt such measures as may be deemed by them proper and suitable for the funeral services.

Following the reading of the resolutions, remarks were made by several members of the Society as follows: —

ALMON D. HODGES.

I rise to move the adoption of the appropriate resolutions offered by Mr. Clarke. I have been an attendant on Dr. Putnam's services for over twenty-eight years, and am very thankful to say that I fully estimate the loss of our beloved Pastor and friend, who has so faithfully served us for so many years. His memory had been present with me both by day dreams and night dreams, since his decease, and I shall continue to dearly cherish his memory as long as life shall last.

CHARLES K. DILLAWAY.

I heartily assent to the resolutions that have been offered. They express felicitously, I think, what we all want to express for the memory of Dr. Putnam. My acquaintance with him dates farther back, probably, than that of any of our Society. It began in college life when he was but sixteen years of age. What he was then in the character of his mind, his personal appearance, everything indeed belonging to his age, is as distinctly before me now as it was then, though half a century has elapsed. He had a mind of singular vigor, which grasped quickly and firmly whatever it aimed to accomplish. Though never a close student or hard worker in any way, he soon placed himself among the foremost men of his class.

Like the rest of us, he had his likes and dislikes in regard to certain studies. Mathematics, for instance, he particularly disliked, believing, as he said, that he had neither taste or head for such work.

The Professor of that department thought differently, and encouraged him to give more attention to it. The result was that he became one of the best mathematicians in the class.

When he graduated from the Divinity School, he had some misgivings that his youthful appearance would keep him long among the candidates. To his surprise he received very early an invitation to become an associate pastor of one of the oldest Societies in New England.

What he has been to us during his long and successful ministry here we all know. In his professional life he worked and studied less, I think, than his clerical brethren generally. Yet, who among those, in New England, so swiftly reached the foremost rank as he did? Who among them more effective in his preaching, or more influential than he? And his influence was not confined to his parish. All classes in the community felt and recognized it.

Our clergymen of every denomination respected him, for they knew how free from bigotry he was, and how ready to respect the religious opinions of others, however widely they might differ from his own. And

I believe, sir, that to-morrow there will be in our pulpits generally, an expression of sympathy for our loss, and a tribute of respect to the memory of Dr. Putnam.

ADAMS AYER.

The traveller standing at the bottom of the valley of Chamonix, in the evening, may watch the lingering light of departing day as it creeps up the drear sides of the mountains to the east, until it disappears, and he finds himself in the deep gloom, that hangs like a pall over everything around. Lifting then his eyes to the snowy crest of Mont Blanc he will notice a faint blush of light, that increases in intensity and widens in extent, until out of the deep shadows, the whole face of the mountain unveils itself in a light equaled only by the brightness of noonday. This is the famed Alpine afterglow, which comes as a reminder of the glory of the day that has gone and as a harbinger of a brighter day to come.

So when we are in the dark valley of sorrow, overshadowed by the wings of the death angel that has carried away our friend, may we catch glimpses of that diviner afterglow, a radiance from the life that has gone to remind us of the brighter life to come.

"The good man dies: it grieves us.
Why should the good man die?
He dies, and dying, leaves us
A lasting legacy."

A legacy which quickens our best purposes, our most devout aspirations, our most fervent wishes for good, by the memory of words which have sounded so often in our ears and touched our hearts, words full alike of solemnity and of joy, fitted to win and inspire.

The first time I ever heard Dr. Putnam was more than thirty years ago, and the memory of that sermon is bright and clear to-day. The text was, "If thou hadst been here, our brother had not died." The burden of the sermon was this: It is always true, if something had been changed in the past, something in the present would be different. Jesus knew this, and was not present because he desired to render a more essential service by being absent, than he could by being with the sisters of Lazarus before his death.

The next sermon, heard several years later, was from the text, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." This like the other has its lesson for us, now. The waves lashing the shore are manifestations of strength. But the rocks which resist the shock are alike indications of it. When we have done our duty, we show our strength, not by restless worrying, but by dismissing all anxious care, and waiting in serene confidence the result.

About seventeen years ago I came to this part of the town and connected myself with this society, and

I am sure you will all agree with me in saying that we have heard such preaching as has rarely been heard in this or any land. Sermons have been preached to us from Sunday to Sunday that have strengthened us in our weakness, that have quickened and cheered us when faint and weary, that have comforted us when laden with the burden of sorrow, that have been an inspiration to us always to help us on the way of life. And so direct and pungent has been the preaching, that while crowds have been addressed, we have often felt as though he had sought us out as individuals, and fitted his words to meet our peculiar needs.

But we have learned his lessons but poorly if we cannot now catch some glimpses of light let in through the rifts made in the clouds by his passage onward and upward. May we not use with feeling the words of the poet Bryant: —

> "I am glad that he has lived thus long,
> And glad that he has gone to his reward.
> Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong
> Softly to disengage the vital cord.
> When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
> Dim with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

No! not die, blessed be God, he has not died. He has gone to

". . . . those everlasting gardens
Where angels walk and seraphs are the wardens,
Where every flower that creeps through death's dark portal
Becomes immortal."

HON. WILLIAM GRAY.

Permit me, as one who has heard the preaching of Rev. Dr. Putnam for many years, to express some of the thoughts which rise in my mind as I recall our long acquaintance.

At the time of his settlement as Associate Pastor of the First Religious Society in Roxbury, the Unitarian pulpit was occupied by bright lights in the ministry; and, from the first, he held a distinguished place among them. His youthful appearance, his earnest thought, his gift of eloquence, that indescribable faculty which holds the judgment and the heart of thoughtful persons, are present to all who go back in memory to those days.

His unassuming manners, free from all self assertion, with their child-like simplicity, gave a charm to his society, which was everywhere welcome. From his quiet modesty of demeanor, it would have been inferred that he regarded himself only as one of the great mass of the people, with no higher gifts, and no greater claims to consideration than the multitudes among whom he moved.

He was a man of large humanity. He regarded

with a living interest the manners, customs, and employments of all classes. He made himself acquainted with their thoughts and pursuits, and won their confidence by his ready sympathy. With this familiarity he became eminently practical in his own habitual thought; but such practical thought never lessened or impaired his delight in depicting the highest ideals to which man can reach or aspire. Although quite able to rise to the lofty heights of contemplation, he seemed to be more attracted to the portrayal of the traits developed in the usual life of mankind, and endeavored by his teaching and eloquence to illustrate and adorn the good, and to condemn the bad.

He had a poetical temperament, moderated by a love of strict truth, and a clear insight into the limitations which attend all careful statement. Masters of dialectics may have sometimes been starfled by the boldness of his fancy, but, before he left his theme, they were usually consenting hearers to his conclusions.

A quotation in one of his sermons seems to present him as he lived among us under its constant influence: "In the day of final account the question will be, not what have we done for ourselves, but what have we done for others; not what have been our gains, but the spirit we are of."

In the later years of his life, though stricken with

grave illness, he bore his cross with meekness and submission, until the welcome summons called him to rest.

WILLIAM G. RUSSELL.

There is one limitation fixed to our speech to-day: that limit is the line of strictest truth; for nothing we could do or say would more offend him of whom we speak if he were present (and who shall say that he is not) than that we should by one jot or one tittle transcend that line.

We have all known Dr. Putnam as a preacher; it is in that character that he stood preëminent, and that we shall hold him in perpetual remembrance. He filled the pulpit as it is seldom filled, and retained in it power at a period when the pulpit has confessedly lost in great degree its influence.

This is no time for an analysis of the qualities, moral or intellectual, by which that power was acquired or exerted; but some of the more obvious traits of the great preacher may be traced while they are fresh in memory.

Perhaps the first of his qualifications as a religious teacher was this, that he never ceased to be a learner. He was not in the ordinary sense of the word a scholar: he read indeed widely in general literature; and kept up with the current thought of the day in broader fields and other departments as well as in

matters pertaining directly to his own profession; but in the great school of life, of the world, of things, of man, he was from first to last and always a student, shrewd, observant, thoughtful, diligent, and apt; and when he spoke to men of man and what was in man he spoke of what he had thus learned and knew.

Again, he was faithful in his work. Not naturally inclined to labor, he yet never came to the pulpit unprepared or half prepared; his discourse was always composed with a premeditated plan as clearly and definitely designed as the story of the novelist or the plot of a drama; and as he advanced with no hesitating step from point to point, not disdaining now and then to stop along the path to gather some flower of poesy, or to catch a glimpse of pictured landscape and to give their beauty and highest meaning to the listener, he yet always moved straight onward to his main purpose, to teach or enforce some lesson of practical wisdom or high morality, to breathe into the soul some inspiration of a higher life, or nerve it to a new and better resolve.

We always felt that he was giving us his best thought matured both in substance and in form.

His intellect was of great native vigor, of sound, robust, wholesome strength, direct and clear in its methods, honest and true; but his great power lay in the fervid energy and earnestness which possessed

and animated his mind when it was in action. It is easy to see that his work was done under high pressure and yet with all his faculties under complete control; and week by week the glowing product came forth from the mint and coinage of his brain, struck off if not at the white heat of poetic fervor, yet with a forceful energy which alike pervaded thought, style, and delivery.

It is no disparagement to say that his printed sermons will not wholly or fairly represent the preacher. This is merely to say that the power of the man is not wholly to be found in his thought or his word; is it not rather the highest praise, to say that behind thought and language the hearer recognizes the strong presence, the mysterious power of personality, which cannot be transmitted in the written word.

And now, as we recall them, what a wonderful and varied series of discourses it has been our privilege to hear during these many years.

Sermons of poetic imagery, in which sometimes he seemed to grasp the artist's pencil, as when, for example, he portrayed to us Jesus walking in the porch of Solomon's temple, and we felt as if we were gazing on the canvas of a Titian or a Raphael; sermons of close analysis and reasoning, in which he dealt with the great problems of life; sermons of practical wisdom, in which he inculcated the great lessons of morality,

or discussed even the lesser helps to a virtuous life, like that in which he borrowed his illustration from the undergirders of Paul's ship; sermons of sentiment, like that on All Saints' Day, which called up to each of his hearers the most hallowed associations of his life; sermons on the greater and higher topics of his faith, the existence of God and the life immortal, in which he seemed almost to see with actual and assured vision the invisible realities.

All these and how many more we owe to the great preacher we have lost.

Of Dr. Putnam as a pastor I will not speak in presence of those into whose homes he has come so often and for so many years, with words of good cheer in your happy days, with wise advice and comfort in time of trial, and with tender sympathy in hours of darkness and bereavement.

A single word I may say of him as a man and a citizen.

He doubtless felt that the pulpit was his post, and the parish his field of work; yet when he was called to places of trust which he was qualified to fill, he recognized the call and the obligation it imposed; the call was not infrequent, the trusts were not unimportant, and they were faithfully discharged.

In the pulpit itself he enforced patriotism as a religious duty when the time called for its enforcement;

and in the time of our country's great trial few men in the church or out of it did more than he towards maintaining a sound public opinion and strengthening the hands of the government. We all can recall his memorable utterance at a time when the free utterance of his opinion on public affairs had disturbed some of his hearers, that if he must choose between his parish and his country he should remember that he was a citizen before he became a preacher. Thus he recognized and fulfilled the duty and the trust of citizenship as conscientiously as he performed all other trusts.

EDWARD B. REYNOLDS.

As one who has grown up under the ministrations of this parish, Mr. Chairman, I am prompted to offer my humble tribute also. Indeed I can truly say that in childhood, in youth, and to the present hour, Dr. Putnam has been the inspiration of my life, and if there be anything good in me — under God and with a thought for what my parents have done — I am indebted to that true man.

The words that he spoke from this pulpit were *living* words. They went with me through all the experiences of the week. They came to mind and were a mighty help when trials befell, when the heart was heavy, when sorrow overwhelmed, yes, in time of

joy also. It always seemed as if the sermon and the prayer were to meet *my* particular and individual need. As if he knew my want and intended what was said for *me alone.* And more than once at the close of a service have I gone to him and told him so.

I am glad to stand here as a witness. God grant that his influence may never be lost and that I may ever think of him as my minister.

JOSEPH W. TUCKER.

The Resolutions presented by my friend Mr. Clarke convey, I think, a very correct idea of the character of our honored and esteemed friend and religious teacher. No words of mine can add anything to what is expressed in those Resolutions.

I was in this part of Roxbury often, during the years from 1822 to 1827, and permanently established myself in business July 7, 1827. And our respected friend was ordained July 7, 1830.

I attended church and heard the Rev. Dr. Porter preach three years before Dr. Putnam came; and was in the choir of singers, at that time, and remained there many years afterward. I remember his young and genial face when he first preached as a candidate; we were then both young and have since grown old together, and in all the varied walks of life, both public and private, during the forty-eight years of his

ministry, nothing unpleasant has ever passed between us.

Mr. Chairman, you and I have lost a great and good friend, and so has the whole community. I wish that I had words at my command to express my own feelings upon this occasion.

I will say in the words of the lamented Lincoln at Gettysburg: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." And so with our departed friend: not what we say here, but what he did here we can never forget.

The eloquent sermons he preached; his character; the life he lived; the faithful manner in which he performed all his work; his honesty and uprightness; his many virtues and purity of life, — these all live and will remain with us forever.

What a lesson for us all to study; especially those who have heard him through his whole ministry; yes, he has left an enduring monument, embodied in the acts of his whole life; when reviewed by the living and understood, it will beautify and elevate the Christian character and crown it with success.

The question was then put upon the Resolutions, and they were unanimously adopted, by a rising vote.

A committee was then appointed, consisting of George Lewis, Roland Worthington, David M. Hodgdon, John L. DeWolf, Edward B. Reynolds, and William Blanchard, to take charge of the funeral services at the church.

MEETING-HOUSE OF THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY IN ROXBURY.

Church gathered 1631. This house built 1804.

SERVICES AT THE FUNERAL

OF

REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.,

IN THE MEETING-HOUSE OF

THE FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY IN ROXBURY,

SUNDAY, APRIL 14, 1878.

VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

ANTHEM. D FLAT. *Dudley Buck.*

"Blessed are the dead who in the Lord are sleeping:
Even so, saith the spirit; for they rest from their labors."

HYMN. TUNE, "EVENTIDE." *William Henry Monk.*

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens, Lord, with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

"Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!

"I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

"I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness:
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

"Hold thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!"

SELECTIONS FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

BY REV. ANDREW P. PEABODY, D. D.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

Thou will show me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

For glorious is the fruit of good labors; and the root of wisdom shall never fall away.

The memorial of virtue is immortal: because it is known with God, and with men.

When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone they desire it: it weareth a crown, and triumpheth forever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years.

But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

Jesus said, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

Remember those which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, remembering the end of their conversation:

Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption;

It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power:

It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. These were redeemed from among men.

And in their mouth was found no guile.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

SENTENCE. *Arranged from Wagner, by D. Buck.*

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest: Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Let us join in prayer. Come to us, Almighty God, our merciful Father, as only thou canst come. Come to lift us up and make us strong. Come to give us of thy life; come to us in answer to our faltering prayer as thou hast answered when he has led us in our petition. Open thy kingdom to us that we may see across the way, and help us that we may walk with thee as when he has led us to the throne of grace. For we are alone unless we have thee to be our companion. We are weak, indeed, unless we have a Father's strength, and life is very dark as we stand at the open grave, unless thou wilt open our eyes to see, our ears to hear, and our hearts to understand. O Father, draw near to us, as the father draws near to his little ones. Draw near to these households of his children he can no longer minister to; bless them in their tears. Make their tears indeed to be blessings to them, and grant that through the gateway of sorrow they may pass in, that they may see everlasting life. Yes, Father, come to all of us. Have we not walked with him, and been confident with his help

and strength and affection? Have we not listened to his words of counsel and been blessed by his example and been strengthened by his strength and been cheered by his comfort? We know we are of one family in sorrow, in this home of our worship, and we need thee, Father, that thou wilt be with us. Speak to us still in those counsels which have so often been spoken from this place, that he may lead us to a Saviour and to thee, and that in the memory of the words we may rise above the world and things of the world, and take communion together; be inspired by thy spirit; be made strong by a Saviour's love; may be knit together as brethren and sisters; may come together at thy throne and receive thy blessing. He prays while we pray. He prays for us while we pray who are left behind, and we are not parted now but to come at last to the throne of God together. Father, we thank thee for these ministrations of long and happy years; we thank thee for these words of wisdom, for these tender counsels, for each day's sympathy as he came to our homes, as he led us by the way, as he sorrowed with us in our sorrow and rejoiced with us in our joy. And now, Father, show us how we may so walk in our daily pilgrimage that when the gates are open to us, we may not be strangers in the heavenly kingdom. Thou hast been pleased to welcome him in at the city, and there are many there whom he has

helped and blessed and directed here. He meets so many with whom he has struggled here, he meets so many whom he has comforted and blessed, that as he enters in at the gates they take him by the hand and lead him step by step through the eternal city, while we are waiting here. O Father, help us so to live in faith and hope and love, that we may not be strangers when the Lord comes to us, but may be ready to change in a moment, when this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal be clothed with immortality. We ask thy blessing for her, thy servant, who is not able to be with us, but who prays with us, as she suffers with our sorrows. Father, there are many in every land who have listened to his words, who have been blessed by his benediction, who have been led by him, who will mourn with our sorrow and pray with our prayers. Thou hast blessed him indeed, as from year to year thou hast shown him that he has blessed so many. Now they rise up in every land to call him blessed, and to ask that this mercy by which thou hast ministered through him may still minister to thy holy church everywhere. Be pleased to be with this ancient church in this moment of its sorrow. Knit together all those who meet together for worship. Bless these children who have rejoiced in his smile, whom he has baptized with the waters of life, and grant to these people that they may continue

to serve thee. Grant that as they look back on this ministry of half a century, it may be to look forward with prayer and hope and love, by which they will hereafter be united. Bless thy church everywhere in the words of thy ministering servants. Be with the university which he loved, the schools which were his care, with all those charities which throve and prospered under his wise direction and tender love, with so many of thy servants who have blessed and thanked him here, and who will thank him always when they shall meet him in the heavenly kingdom. Father, give of thy life and strength to those who shall follow in his footsteps. Now we bear his body reverently and humbly, that we lay it away, — earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes. He has heard the call and has gone home to thee. O Father, as we return from this solemn service to our homes, thou wilt return with us, wilt bless us, wilt help us to look upward to thee and thy kingdom. Thou wilt be with thy servants to-night when they cannot sleep, and teach them strength and bless them. And thou wilt be with this church which thou hast favored in the days that have gone by. So be pleased to be with us, each and every one. So teach us by the lips of him who is the resurrection and the life; so bless us in this Holy Spirit, who is the Comforter, and only comforter, that that blessing shall be with us forever and ever. Amen.

RESPONSE. *Music by Witt.*

"How sweet to be allowed to pray,
To God the Holy One:
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done.

"Oh, teach my heart the blessed way,
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
'Thy will, not mine, be done.'"

HYMN. TUNE, "BOYLSTON." *Lowell Mason.*

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

'Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field;
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

"The pains of death are past;
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN G. BROOKS.

"He being dead, yet speaketh." HEB. xi. 4.

Among friends, it is pleasant to speak of those we love. We are here as friends of the dead; grateful that such privilege has been ours, and sad with deep and common grief that the earthly relationship has closed. None ever knew him but is now proud that he could call George Putnam his friend. They who knew him best have now the heaviest hearts. They who knew him longest will suffer most their loss. It has been given me briefly to speak of this friend, and it is my happiness that I speak to those who loved him with a great and enduring love. I have not to persuade you of any grace or power which he possessed. You are already persuaded. The completeness of his life you know better than I. The noble vigor of his manhood was spent among you and for you. So many years you were blessed by the fine genius of his mind and heart; so long you stood near him in his life's battle that its story is written openly and clearly in your memories. You read there what signal benefits he has bestowed upon this community; what he was in the greater and in the lesser moments of its history. His trumpet tones of cheer in the long night of civil war you still hear. As if yesterday, you remember what inspiration he was to your public

griefs; what consolation to your private anguish. You know, too, what he was in the upbuilding of a better system of education; what sanction and strong help he gave to every high and desirable fact for which you, as a community, had to struggle. With the strength of an hundred men he always struck for the side that was right. In the eternal conflict of society between higher and lower ideals, there is no greater boon than the presence of such sovereign personal influence — such rugged and manly sense as he possessed, — especially when it is crowned by intellectual training and the graces of a Christian spirit. This community cannot forget his large and timely service.

Even better, you know what he has been to this church. Constant, steadfast, and true during almost half a century. Other churches held out to him inducements which many men would not have resisted. Where one's advantage lies excuses can easily be turned to reasons and to duties; but no prize or importunity even shook his fidelity to this society. Still other honors beckoned him; the dignity of a university career was laid at his feet, and to such a mind it had the highest charms, but he did not lay down his trust here to take up even that; all foreign dignities called to him in vain. As life opened to him he chose his home with you, and here he stayed,

giving to you freely the long and faithful energy of his life. What reason has this society for its great love to him who was loyal even unto death!

But best of all, you know what he has been to you as individuals, what swift response he made to needs which only the finest human sympathy can reach. In life's vexed hours, what wise and prudent counsel; in every place to which you called him, what mastery of the occasion! When in that moment of sudden woe, which, soon or late, falls to every human lot, where, as to him, could you turn for help? The community, the church, and the individual must feel their debt to such a life.

It is thus only a part of what you already know that I can utter. A man's biography is written before it is inscribed in any book or upon paper. Day by day and year by year it is transcribed in the hearts of those who fellowship with him. The life story of him whom we mourn is to you an open and familiar page. A few are here who knew him in his morning promise. Many are here who knew his noontide strength. It was mine only to greet him in the evening of his days, when his kindly eyes were turned, for the most part, backward toward the past. Thus, though I can speak only in part, I may safely trust your hearts amply to supply what my knowledge and opportunity shall be bound to lack.

Of many gifts, so nobly conspicuous in his career, there is no need now to speak at any length. All the master impulses of his life you have felt.

By one or two traits of a quieter nature, I was deeply and constantly impressed in those hours of companionship which it was my privilege to enjoy. He often spoke of his work-day life as at an end. His conversation was much of the past. We all know that it had its triumphs; successes which come only to the few; but almost never did he speak of or refer to those things which others applauded. Lightly and unheeded they lay in the background of his mind. In one of those last hours in which he spoke freely upon such subjects, he said: "Men have their successes, one this and one that, one a little more and another a little less; but that one should overtop another, what does it signify?" The large results of his own life seemed thus slight and unimportant in his own eyes. With all his overcoming he was clothed, as in a garment, with that rarest grace in a strong man — modesty. His long and useful services to schools, libraries, and college had little public distinction or recognition, and it pleased him well that it was so. We may truly say of him as has been said of another, "The wisest man could ask no more of fate than to be simple, modest, manly, true. Safe from the many, honored by the few; nothing to

court in world, or church, or state; that such a man could spring from our decays, fans the soul's nobler faith until it burn."

Another trait was a certain mental and moral temperance, a shunning of excess in speech and in thought. His praise and his blame, his admiration and his strictures, were always dispassionate and calm. There was neither fussiness nor heat, but throughout the serenity and repose of genuine strength. One element in philosophy he greatly prized, "the golden mean." It was, perhaps, this characteristic that brought him so close to realities. Never was a man more cautious against thin and cunning speculation; never one more drawn to the unquestioned facts of life. With the man of business his pulpit speech became current coin, as serviceable and as solid as gold.

The great emphasis of his life was upon those moral certainties which every man's experience may test. Your hearts quickened under his utterance, because his theme was alive; alive with such life as you were living. He did not go far away for his subjects; they were such as his eyes rested upon here, such as his ears heard and his heart felt, among those to whom he ministered. He knew the nature of truth so well that he never tried to make it stretch. He did not deal with what was strong to the fancy and weak to the reason. He took no liberties with com-

mon sense. What he gave was happily and helpfully available for the daily perplexities incident to usual human experience. His aim seemed to be to make all common facts testify to the reasonableness of a noble life.

When we are profoundly moved by the play of mental and moral power such as his; when we are drawn by a might that wins, and yet compels, it always puzzles us to know just what the magic faculty is which so overcomes the listener. We shield our ignorance by calling it magnetism, or some equally cabalistic title. We may name it as we will — we can only say that, when under its spell, we felt the touch of the master. We felt that a soul was there — one of uncommon power, speaking to us so that we must give heed.

In that past which you now so love to remember, when you came here to listen to his mighty pleading for more strenuous efforts to do well, you could not sleep, or dream, or give way to idle fancies, you had to hear him deliver his message to your souls. Whether it was his topic, his bearing, or the native charm of his eloquence, you felt that you were in the presence of a man, one who gave you a part of himself. If his sermon was upon "Reserved Power," you knew that he possessed it so amply that no sudden call could find him off his guard, but always equal

to the hour. If he spoke of "Beauty and Bands," you knew that he had within himself both gentleness and strength. Whenever such a spirit does duty under God in this world, men yield willingly to his influence and at his departure shed grateful tears that their journey and his lay for a little time side by side.

He came here to you, and who of you does not now thank God that you knew him, and received so much from the full treasure of his life. Thus, though we are met in sorrow, it is not often that sorrow has so much to allay its bitterness. The disease seemed — when it fell — sadly out of time. Still, the years of his ministry were full and long. If we take the higher measure of a man's days we shall not find that his was scant. "He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

By this truer reckoning his days were many and his dower rich. Wanting but two years he came to Roxbury a half century ago, on the 11th of April, 1830; the very date that is now hallowed by his death, and upon this Sunday, forty-eight years ago, he preached, as a candidate, his first sermon in this church, the walls of which are to you written all over with his tenderest thoughts. You now bear in your memories the precious freight of his instruction. Every separate life here he made better worth living. He enlarged the scope of your finer activities, quick-

ened your best impulses, gave intensest life and tone to the community and made every duty more sacred.

Surely, for such large bequest, there is reason for gratitude. Neither can we be ungrateful that his last days were so full of peace; that he passed so softly from the turmoil here to the great rest of the other life. A tired child in the arms of its mother could not drop to sleep more gently than did he. It was just as he wished: from the sleepless guardianship, from the tender ministries of a most loving earthly home, to fall so quietly into the open welcome of the unseen and eternal home. "My end is reached," he said. "I do not fear it. I am content." A life ordered so wisely and so well, with such large title to your love and veneration, hardly needs the poor meed of our praises.

Is there yet no duty remaining to the living? For the dead, all who knew him speak as with one common voice, "Servant of God, well done." You who are here would have no keener joy than to pay a fitting tribute to his memory, and certainly few men ever left a finer opportunity to do them honor when gone. An opportunity which came from its rarest faculty — the faculty of speaking the truth so that it could not be forgot. That supreme gift God does not often bestow. It is as if He wished to be sure that one whom He so endowed would use His talent well.

But to him the gift was freely entrusted, and he so employed it that, though his discourses never go to press, they are lettered and bound in a far more readable form. They are bound up in a thousand loving hearts. THERE is where he printed. Scores of incidents attest the unfailing presence of his words when they had once dropped into the mind.

Forty-eight years ago to-day he preached here; and, lately, one who heard him told me — from his memory — the thought of the sermon. No volume can serve such purpose as that. This master skill of printing on the living mind so that the words root themselves for life, insures a very constant reading and re-reading of the speaker's thought. It is then always present with one. It is there when it is needed, and when the deeper experiences came to you, when the shadow and the chill of some pain crept over your life, his words leaped to your lips. Yes, and thank God, they will continue to speak and to comfort, and thus it is that, though dead, he yet speaketh.

Though the eloquent lips are forever closed, and the great heart still, the words which he so engraved upon your minds will not lose their power. While your memories last they will last. And here is the duty and the opportunity of those who survive.

The perfect simplicity of him whom we delight to honor would have shrunk from outward shows of

respect; but one homage we may pay him which he would have welcomed, and there seems no excuse that we should fail to pay it. The rich and varied wisdom of his words has grown into your hearts and you cannot forget it. Our fairest honor to him then is this — that we turn his remembered precepts into daily life. He left no duty untouched. He so spoke of honesty that you remember it; but we shall honor his memory, not in the fact that we cannot forget what he said, but in this: that we turn his counsel into a more perfect integrity. He spoke of temptation. When it meets us, and we recall some words of light which he spoke about it, our regard for him will be in flying from it as he bade us. Thanks to him the way and the means to do him lasting and perfect honor will always be present with you who cannot forget the pith and excellence of his teaching. The holy trust which he left behind depends now upon the living. God grant that we may be true to it. His part was nobly done. May they who survive and carry so much of him in their hearts see to it that his power for good is as great in their future as it has been in their past.

God gave to you this long and precious life. You and yours have been blessed by it. Do you not owe it both to God and to him, who has now gone, that,

as he lived for you when here, he now, by your effort, still live in and through you?

If most sermons ascend soon like thin vapor, out of sight and out of mind, his did not. He seemed to use the mother-tongue of nature herself, speaking not to what came by education or by artifice, but to what was deepest and most abiding in the listener, and out of your very inability to forget, comes a very solemn obligation to obey and turn to life, words which will not leave the heart. This is the fairest memorial we can erect to his name. Then, though dead, he will yet speak mightily in our behalf.

A few days before his death he said, "I should like to go to work. I never was so well fitted for it as now. I have watched life and know a little more about it than in earlier years. I am just ready for it."

Does the great Father of us all prepare such a mind for work, just get him ready, and then extinguish him as a flame? We will not believe it. We will trust that he has gone as he wished, to help others, as he helped us. He sunk as the sun sinks of a summer night, and his words of hope were like the splendor flung back upon the clouds to tell us that the sun still shines, though we cannot see it. Has not this strong helper, too, — he who gave so much light and comfort to our day, — only gone behind the horizon of this our mortal vision; gone from us, yet still to

shed his light for others' guidance; still to use for others' needs the tenderness and the strength which made him to you here so great a blessing

10. HYMN. TUNE, "AMSTERDAM." *James Nares*, 1760.

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, —
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

"Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun, —
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that 's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace."

After benediction by the Reverend Dr. Peabody, the remains were deposited at Mount Auburn, the following members of the society acting as pall bearers, namely: —

JOHN J. CLARKE,
JAMES GUILD,
SAMUEL C. COBB,
CHARLES HICKLING,
WILLIAM G. RUSSELL,
JOSEPH W. TUCKER.

MINISTERS OF THE "FIRST CHURCH" AND OF THE "FIRST RELIGIOUS SOCIETY" IN ROXBURY, FROM 1631 TO 1878.

THOMAS WELDE, 1632–1641.
JOHN ELIOT, 1632–1690.
SAMUEL DANFORTH, 1650–1674.
NEHEMIAH WALTER, 1688–1750.
THOMAS WALTER, 1718–1725.
OLIVER PEABODY, 1750–1752.
AMOS ADAMS, 1753–1775.
ELIPHALET PORTER, 1782–1833.
GEORGE PUTNAM, 1830–1878.
JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS, 1875–

MAR 2 5 1994

OCT 27 1997

3 2044 023 297 047